But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints,
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpoſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kinred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman:
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue neede of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grants that we haue neede of you,
Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two daies ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie,
Againſt the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſly to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, Lo. Riuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts,
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.

Riu.

Riu. What marrie
Glo. What marrie m
A batcheler, a handſo
Iwis your Grandam ha
Qu. My Lo. of Gl
Your blunt vpbraidin
By heauen I will acqu
With thoſe groſſe taun
I had rather be a count
Then a great Queene
To be thus taunted, ſc
Small ioy haue I in be
Qu. Mar. And leſn
Thy honour, ſtate, and
Glo. What? threat
Tell him and ſpare no
I will auouch in preſen
Tis time to ſpeake, my
Qu. Mar. Out dnel
Thou fleweſt my husb
And Edward my poo
Glo. Ere you were
I was a packehorſe in
A weeder out of his p
A liberall rewarder of
To royalize his bloud
Qu. Mar. Yea, and
Glo. In all which ti
We're factious for the
And Riuers, ſo were yo
In Margarets battaile a
Let me put in your mi
What you haue beene
Withall, what I haue b
Qu. Ma. A murther
Glo. Poore Clarence
Yea and forſwore himſ
Qu. Mar. Which

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